

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her.

King, Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the Prince her son
Makes her in furie thus to forget her selfe.
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.
Come Cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere,
For Clifford and those Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

Rich. No Father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concernes your selfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.

Yorke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.

Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.

Rich. And if it please your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your Grace the way to saue your oath,
And dispossesse King *Henry* from the Crowne.

Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.

Rich. Then thus my Lord,

An Oath is of no moment,
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate.

Henry is none, but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your Grace stands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father resolute your selfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.

Yorke. I, saist thou so boy? why then it shall be so,
I am resolute to win the Crowne, or dye.

Edward, thou shalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
Thou Cosen *Montague* shalt to *Norfolke* straight,

Yorke and Lancaster.

And bid the Duke to muster vp his soldiours,
And come to me to *Wakefield* presently,
And *Richard*, thou to London straight shalt poste,
And bid *Richard Nevill* Earle of *Warwicke*,
To leaue the Citie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at *S. Albones* ten dayes hence.
My selfe heere in *Sandall* Castle will provide
Both men and mony to further our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirty thousand men
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Westmerland*,
With others of the house of *Lancaster*,
Are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To besiege you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

Yorke. A Gods name let them come.

Cousin *Montague*, poste you hence.

And boyes stay you with me!

Sir John and *sir Hugh Mortimer* mine Vnckles,
Yare welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The army of the *Queene* meanes to besiege vs.

Sir John. She shall not neede my Lord,
Wee'l meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with five thousand soludiors, Vnckle?

Rich. I father, with five hundred for a need,
A woman's Generall, what should you feare?

Yorke. Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
In *Normandy*, when as the enemye
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolute. Come lets goe.

Edw. Let's march away, I heare their drums.

Alarmer, and then enter the young Earle of
Rutland and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Castle,
And flye to *Wakefield* straight.

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